# THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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## *ORIGINAL.*

## THE WANDERER.

*No.* 117.

IF *captiousness* were to be for ever disregarded, and attention no oftener given to *complaints*, than cause for complaining, we should pass through the world with the surliness of stoics; habit would indent a frown upon the forehead from the cradle to the grave, that would be knit alike upon all; we should lose the ingenuousness, that softens manners—and retain no other mark of civilized life, than the rude depravity of the cynic disposition.

These reflections have induced the Wanderer to reply to his late correspondents. Though he has neither ear nor tongue for the impertinence of flippant garrulity, and can feel no compassion for literary incurables, that seem *convulsed from inanition*, he has a head, to which occasional relaxation is by no means unpleasant, that can smile at the interrogations of artful curiosity, and is grateful for the remembrances of honest attention.

He can assure Celia Various he is no *musty old bachelor*. He has, indeed, "*noticed the ladies*," perhaps too much to change his condition. Human nature is an illustrious object for contemplation, and his eye revels with delight on the *fair* side of the picture. The reason he is not more of a gallant is, because it is rather a delicate matter to put the ladies on paper; they dislike even their own appearance, awful as it is, *in black and white*. They must be fantastically ornamented, and whimsically dressed; they must have wreaths of flowers and variegations of spangles; the perfume of the civet, and the feathers of the ostrich. They rifle the earth and animated nature to do violence to the simplicity of beauty. The *civility* of the Wanderer prompts him to pass without notice, what notice could on no occasion pass without censure. Modesty is now so laughed out of countenance, except that merit blushes for the ladies, the Wanderer can find no occasion to regard *blushing merit*. The danger too attending such liberties is another reason why many ladies are not made to figure, *even in dishabille*, in these columns. The Wanderer would be thought no better than an *eves-dropper*, a busy intermeddler in family secrets, should he sketch a GENERAL picture of domestic, feminine dissoluteness, that was at all susceptible of *particular* application. But should he dare attempt an *individual* portrait, every fair frailty in town would conclude, that herself had sate for the picture. It is as much, therefore, as his life, as a *Wanderer*, is worth

to essay this *licentiousness* of pen. Locomotion is not essential to his periodical character. He is a Wanderer, not from place to place, but from company to company, from one society of human beings only to another. But to what social circle would not some *fair* subject of an *unfair* resentment prevent his admission? "*Shut, shut the door, good John,*" in a command to a servant, before the Wanderer reached it, would be the only classic welcome he would ever after receive from feminine softness. *Celia Various* will doubtless accept this apology. Female worth is not noticed, because delicacy and tenderness are vital to its character; and it therefore cannot be noticed without offence to itself. It shrinks from the public eye. Its fair hand is involuntarily drawn back from the attempt to introduce it to a conspicuous station. But those ladies, the stream of whose minds is somewhat discoloured from agitation, because their follies have been derided, or their foibles denounced, should remember, that he who is steady to virtue, can alone be constant to the fair. Our fidelity to the sex cannot be suspected. We feel bound to them by an allegiance coeval with the creation of our frames. It was implanted by the same hand, that made us for each other. But did no natural allegiance exist, the tie would be hardly less sacred, since the Wanderer must have been far younger than HANNIBAL, when he first offered up the *oath of fealty* as a voluntary vow at the shrine of beauty.

DAVID DROWSY complains, that we are not sufficiently *visionary*. Were the complaint more general, we should be satisfied. In a land of darkness, peopled with dreamers, we are constantly struggling to shake off heaviness, feeling the force of the call, "Watchmen, what of the NIGHT?" and anxiously waiting an opportunity to respond, "*The morning cometh.*"

We would hint to our COCKNEY friend, that winter is not the season for visiting the country. We must defer that pleasure, till *the time of the singing of birds is come.*

The conclusion of *Rinaldo* has indeed been too long deferred. The Wanderer acknowledges the service of the rule to show cause why compulsory process should not issue against him, as *surety* for the delinquent, and moves, The Lord High Censor to grant him a continuance, in hope soon to be able to bring in the *principal.*

*Salem, Feb.* 27, 1808

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FOR THE EMERALD.

## VISIONARY ENJOYMENT.

A PROMINENT feature in our constitution is Love of the Marvelous. Man was not wholly destined to unambitious seclusion, or dungeon obscurity. He naturally aspires after immortality, burns to mingle sentiment with superior intelligences, and to grasp their expansive conception of mind. The ethereal spirit, which the Creator infused, trembles to re-unite with its native element. The mysterious talisman of fancy, manifesting its influence with unbounded indulgence, diffuses around the loveliest scenes of enchantment, peoples them with invisible myriads, and thus communicates a foretaste of consummated joy.

A wayward visionary propensity is discoverable in the very dawn of intelligence, and although youth seems its customary season of ex-

ertion, continues to operate with many in maturity of years and information. Though its effects appear different on minds differently modified, still all who inherit the perfect faculties of man, naturally experience its fascinating power Habitual estrangement, however, has sometimes nearly eradicated the principle, but as its diversities of operation are numerous, it seems disingenuous to determine with presumptuous confidence that it is ever extinct. Some delight to pursue the wild and wonderous excursions of romance. This lovely enchantress presents to view the sweet fields of imagination, and inspiring emotions of painful pleasure, discloses amid the solitude of mountains, the gray ruins of a castle. Here revenge, avarice, jealousy and fear, imprison their victims of innocence. The dreadful vicissitudes of anguish, suspense and despair, successively prevail. Now a horror-breathing picture petrifies the soul; then a mouldering manuscript is discovered on the blood-besprinkled pavement; now the enormities of the inquisition are minutely developed, while momentary apprehension of murder overwhelms the devoted sufferer, until roused from midnight reveries by the hollow moan of a sheeted apparition. Wrapped in thoughts like these, multitudes love to steal from the real miseries of life—

"And with an eager and suspended soul
Woo terror to delight them."

The beauties of night, affording grateful contrast to these fearful fantasies, are occasionally depictured. The full-orbed moon, partially veiled by fleecy clouds, effuses her mildest beam over hill, valley, woodland and castle, while in the eastern horizon the ocean heaves in silvery light. At intervals is conveyed to the ear, a leafy murmur among the boughs, or the lulling melody of a remote waterfall. Lifted leaves gleam to the moon Anon aerial music steals from some embowered recess, swells upon the impassioned soul, and slowly subsiding, communicates a mysterious ecstasy.

But descriptive parts as they only contribute to embellish and perfect the beauty of the story, are of secondary importance. Astonishing powers of genius are sometimes displayed, and in the discovery of such intellectual efforts, the highest gratification prevails. Does not the originality, which readers may justly expect in the plan of a romance, completely invalidate the contracted dogma of some critics, who aver that Homer must be esteemed the standard and prototype of all epic poets? The works of Homer, considering when they were composed, are preeminent; their innumerable simple graces we willingly acknowledge. But we are not so implicitly attached to the wildwood fragrance of antiquity, as to find no sweetness in the lily and woodbine of later periods; nor because the music of Orpheus suspended the torment of hell, can we listen unmoved to the melodious murmur of the Æolian lyre.

Another class delight, though not exclusively, in grandeur of conception. Anticipating with enthusiasm that exalted advancement, which will assimilate mankind to immortals, they embrace all opportunities of effecting this amelioration. Superior to the contemptible pursuits of degenerate minds, they proceed with unintermitted resolution toward the accomplishment of their mighty purposes. No dangers intimidate. No diffi-

culties retard their impetuosity. Such characters are eager to commission their minds upon aerial excursions, and to explore the enchanting regions of possibility. However unhappy their real situation, however unpromising their prospects, the smiling landscapes of fancy are ever accessible. Cimmerian shadows may darken around them, but abandoning the land of obscurity, they visit the lustrous vales of Elysium, and revel amid the luxuriance of purest joy.

This is no illusion. The soul, inheriting a manifest superiority, disdains to be subjected to fortuitous occurences, and bursting the adamantine chains of fate, seizes with resistless effort the immunities of freedom. This, however, is the prerogative of resolution, for crowds that submit to events comparatively unimportant, become voluntary votaries of servitude. Servility of opinion and deficiency of knowledge produce this deterioration. The man who has no independence, who implicitly adopts the sentiments of another, is no better than a machine. His movements proceed not from internal vigor and reflection, but receive from accidental causes an extrinsic impulse. His cameleon intellect changes its complexion with every adventitious attrition, and consequently takes with as much readiness the crimson glow of falsehood, as it imbibes the cerulean of truth. Pursuing the meteor of indiscriminate prejudice, he ultimately plunges in the marsh of insignificance.

But to relish in perfection the exquisite gratifications of fancy, seems the prerogative of a cultivated mind. However numerous may be the endowments of nature, education must elicit the latent spark, or it will for ever slumber in concealment. Untutored genius may view with awe the streaming flame of mutinous clouds, and hear with mingled pleasure and dread, the thunder's concussion; but science disarms the lightning of its terror, arrests the speed of the glowing bolt, and smiles amid the glory of conflicting elements. Untutored genius may contemplate the firmament with vacant wonder and admiration; but Science loves to soar beyond the empyrean, wheel her course from world to world, revert to earth a glance of nameless exultation, and lose herself in the immeasurable flight.

'But what,' interrogates the infidel smile of apathy, 'what advantage accrues from the pictures of imagination, and from the romantic adventures you have enumerated? Are they not incompatible with the generality of our pursuits? Do they not produce a factitious, theoretic sensibility, which incapacitates us for the indispensable avocations of life?'

An unbounded field of enjoyment is unfolded to the intelligent visionary. The accumulated information of years contributes to blameless amusement. If Fancy but wave her magic wand, ten thousand lovely images start into life. With every meadow, woodland, or mountain are associated recollected scenes. On these green lowlands, Leonidas with his devoted compatriots, fell in the fight of freedom. These groves, when moonlight imprints moving figures on the greensward, are frequented by fairy elves, that gambol beneath the mild influence of night. Among those hoar cliffs and highlands, dwelt the heroes of other days. Their harps resound

ed the wild-note of mountain-liberty.—Borne on a stream of fire, or invisibly fluctuating on the breeze, or half viewless amid the pale volumes of mist, their forms descend to catch the sweet murmur of their immortality. On yon moss-covered rock, the melancholy Bard poured the sorrows of his soul. The days of primeval simplicity come over remembrance, and emphatically awaken the joy of grief.

These intellectual indulgences are not only compatible with the humblest pursuits, but they intermingle with them an ineffable charm. They communicate a delicacy of sentiment and conception, in which the human character is too frequently deficient. They elevate and liberalize our feelings. What genuine poet or romantic visionary was ever a dishonest man? Are not these infinitely superior to that mental meanness, which invariably characterizes groveling avarice.

Virtue has its boundary, and these pleasures immoderately pursued, tend to emasculate the mind; but indulged with discretion, they give it a tone, a vigor, an elasticity, which it cannot otherwise acquire. By consequence, care must be employed, lest they imperceptibly engross a disproportionate regard, and thus counteract their own purposes. As they are merely incidental, and suited to afford elegant relaxation for moments of leisure, they must be participated with discrimination. A theatre is a source of instruction and rational amusement; but too frequent attendance, and injudicious performances diminish the beneficial effect.

These purest illusions must be either too frequent, nor of too long continuance. The mental vision cannot repose on the rainbow hues of imagination; it instinctively wanders to mellower, softer views, and finally fixes on the refreshing verdure of nature. The enchanted paradise of Aloadin enraptured the unsuspecting Thalaba, but wearied at length with endless beauty, and undeceived by sorcerer-wiles, he lamented the humbler joys of home.

" He plunged amid the forest solitude.
" Deserts of Araby!
" His soul returned to you."

But what shall we say of him, who possesses not the smallest particle of fancy, and who is unsusceptible of the charms of eloquence, poetry, fiction and nature? To him the world of beauty is a blank; to him the endearments of love or the sympathies of compassion, are equally unknown; these godlike feelings are not disgraced by such a possessor.

Fancy unfolds a far lovelier view. Let us then never slight the visit from on high of the day-spring of opportunity. Let us not perpetually grovel on earth with souls at liberty to take their flight toward heaven.

ARIOSTO.

*July 29th*, 1806.

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## *THE DRAMA.*

*No.* 17.

FOR THE EMERALD.

### PIZARRO; OR, THE DEATH OF ROLLA.

*Friday evening, February 26th.*

THE story which is the basis of the play of Pizarro, was begun by Kotzebue, in the " Virgin of the Sun," and continued in the " Death of Rolla." In the former play the loves of Cora and Alonzo, after encountering numerous difficulties, are rendered completely triumphant

by the instrumentality of Rolla's heroic affection for Cora. This prepares the mind for the reception of the fable, contained in the "Death of Rolla." Rolla is a hero of the most romantic cast; his love for Cora, notwithstanding her marriage with Alonzo, is firm and unabated; he not only does not envy, but views with delight their mutual happiness—The principal features in this play, are the emotions of the wife after the husband had been taken prisoner; her suspicions that he had been betrayed by Rolla; the deliverance of Alonzo by the lover, at the risk of his life, to remove Cora's supicions; the loss of the child; Cora's distraction, and finally the death of Rolla, at the very moment he overcomes the imputations Cora had cast upon him, by restoring the husband and child to the arms of the wife and mother. The story of Elvira and Pizarro, is episodical in Kotzebue's play; and they, as well as the rest of the Spaniards, are considered inferior agents in the fable.

The "Pizarro" of Sheridan, however, is made rather different from Kotzebue's "Death of Rolla;" and by rendering the Spaniard his nominal hero, he has destroyed the simplicity of the tale, and contradicted the tenour of history. The former play ended with the death of Rolla, but Pizarro being made the hero, must be disposed of in some way or other. The feelings on Rolla's death, therefore, are suddenly diverted to witness a combat between Alonzo and Pizarro, who, as has been wittily remarked, have wonderfully agreed to exhibit themselves for the satisfaction of the two armies, and to crown the whole, Elvira, who was supposed to have been in her grave, or her dungeon, has escaped from one of them, in spite of every impediment, to frighten one hero, that the other may dispatch him in safety. Thus Pizarro is killed, contrary to historical fact, and then the funeral of Rolla closes the farce. The theatres of late, however, have prudently excluded the last scenes, and approach more near to Kotzebue's original intention; thereby shewing how difficult it is for a genius even like Sheridan's to change a plot, and at the same time preserve the characters.

The general favorable effect of this drama, is perhaps more to be attributed to the scene-painter, the actor, and local circumstances, than to the merit of the poet. The scenery is highly romantic, the performer has much opportunity for trick, and the parallel of the invasion of Peru, to the expected invasion of England, is drawn with great labour by Mr. Sheridan. The speech to the Peruvian soldiers by Rolla, is not characteristic; though it is elegantly written; but was composed for its application to the times. The expression "they follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power whom they hate,' was not founded in fact; because the Spaniards loved Pizarro, their king, and their god, quite as well as the Peruvians did Ataliba, and his "monstrous worship"—The proper motives to have been urged, would have been, not the protection of Ataliba, who was himself an usurper, but the necessity of maintaining their existence as a nation against men who were supposed by the Peruvians to have been the agents of supernatural power.

The times, however, justified Mr. Sheridan, and the play was crowned with success. The English alteration of the diction will often suffer in comparison with the literal translation. The periods are too inflated for common comprehension, and colloquial phraseology. It is sometimes poetry and sometimes prose, but most commonly a gallimaufry of both. For instance,

"If I fall, said he,
And sad forebodings shook him while he spoke,
Be thou a father to my child. I pledg'd my word to him and we parted," &c.

On iron pennons borne
The blood-stain'd vulture cleaves the storm
Yet is the plumage closest to her heart
Soft as the cygnet's down
And o'er the unshell'd brood
The murmuring ring-dove sits not more gently."

We were not very highly delighted with the performance of this play on Friday evening. For excepting the Rolla of Mr. Fennell, no part was played well. And Mr. F. was by no means accurate in the text of the author. We conceive he wanted much animation in the opening of the character; and particularly in the utterance of the speech to the soldiers. The following lines, however, were spoken with impression.

"Be our plain answer this,
"The throne we honour is the people's choice—
"The laws we reverence are our brave father's legacy—
"The faith we follow teaches us to live
"In bonds of charity with all mankind,
"And die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.
"Tell your invaders this, and tell them too,
"We seek no change; and least of all, such change
"As they would bring us."

The expression "*for Cora and the King*," as he went out to battle, gave the true idea of the character of Rolla. It was spoken with tenderness and pathos. Cora being the most important object of solicitude; this is perfectly agreeable to Rolla's disposition, since Kotzebue in the first play, makes him rebel against the king and his country to save her life. In the prison scene with the guard, there was some deficiency of animation. Rolla is agitated, but not boisterous; now Mr. Fennell was neither. The burst of gladness after he had obtained the victory over the scruples of the soldier, was uttered in the true spirit of ardent feeling. "Oh holy nature, thou dost never plead "in vain."

The subsequent scene with Elvira, was played with passion and character; and the tent scene with Pizarro has never been equalled on our boards. The action of dropping the dagger, the previous violence of threat, and present calmness of remonstrance, formed a combination of ideas equally striking, characteristic and effectual.

The last part of the character was indeed the best performed. The pleadings for the child in all the humility of solicitation, was finely adapted to prepare the mind for the contrast which ensued. He seized the child with great gallantry of action; held him suspended on his left arm, combatted and conquered two soldiers who contested his escape, and finally made his way over the bridge dropped it at the feet of Cora, and expired. This whole action, we believe, was never equalled on any stage, certainly it never was surpassed.

We have a long time forborne to notice the glaring deficiencies of Mr. Caulfield, in the hopes that some of his friends would privately induce him to pay that attention to his several characters, which the public interest, and his duty to himself and the managers equally demand. We have passed without remark faults of so serious a nature, as would have driven him from any other than a Boston stage. It is now time to say that we can hardly recollect a character, during the present season, in the words of which, he has been tolerably perfect. We remember the disgrace which has so often attended him in Cassius: and in particular, the intolerable imperfection which pervaded his last personation. How can an audience bear with patience insults so often repeated, without apology; but much more, without excuse. The character of Pizarro, was, in some respects better; but Mr. Caulfield's inattention is now so proverbial, that he obtains no credit even for his best exertions. This only refers to his conception of the character; for he was prompted by every person who had any thing to do with him, from Mr. Fennell, down to the very rabble among the soldiers. Let Mr Caulfield bestow particular study on his characters, let him shew that he has studied them, and he shall never want from us the most abundant praise due to such exertions; but on the other hand, if he is still remiss, if he still is determined to insult the public, by his neglect, he must expect no mercy from critical analysis, which will tent to the quick, the very fibres of his sensibility.

Mr. Usher was respectable in Las Casas; so was Dickenson in Orizembo.

Mrs. Shaw lost no credit in Elvira, as to *her* ability to personate heroic characters. But the part is far, very far beyond her flight or ken; her comedy is excellent, her tragedy vulgar and bombastic.

Mr. Fennell took leave of the stage in an address at once appropriate, modest and feeling. In which he delicately referred to his present occupation, as teacher of elocution; to the patronage of the Boston audience, and to his late appearance with Mr. Cooper. The allusions were all neatly expressed, and the whole address was admirably delivered. We shall take an opportunity in our next paper to offer some considerations for the promotion of his school, which we think eminently well calculated to forward the best interests of education.

# THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

*ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.*

## ANECDOTES OF SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

A spirit of promoting laudable works was manifested by this Knight on many occasions. One instance deserves to be related : it respects the repairing the abbey church of Bath; to which Sir John was most zealously inclined, and is said to have effected by means of the following stratagem. Conversing one day with bishop Montague, near the abbey, it happened to rain, which afforded an opportunity of asking the bishop to shelter himself within the church. Especial care was taken to convey the prelate into that aisle which had been spoiled of its lead, and was nearly roofless. As this situation was far from securing his lordship against the weather, he remarked to his merry companion that it did not shelter him from the rain. " Doth it not, my lord ?" said Sir John, " then let me sue your bounty towards covering our poor church ; for if it keep not us safe from the *waters* above, how shall it ever save others from the *fire* beneath ?" At which jest the bishop was so well pleased, that he became a liberal benefactor both of timber and lead ; and this benefaction procured a complete roofing to the north aisle of the abbey church, after it had lain in ruins for many years.

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By an extract from a letter of Sir John Harrington's to his wife, our fair readers will be convinced that the scandalous imputation of tattling was affixed to their sex two hundred years ago.

" Deare Mall, how shall I speake what I have seene, or what I have felt ?—Thy good silence in these matters emboldens my pen. For, thanks to the swete god of silence ! thy lips do not wanton out of discretion's path, like the many gossipping dames we coud name, who lose their husband's *fast hold* in good friends, rather than *hold fast* their own tongues."

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## PURSUITS OF LITERATURE.

The author of this unacknowledged production, which would place a crown of bays *and of nettles* on the poets head, is praised, and justly praised, in the following words, by a modern writer.

Thou too, the nameless bard, whose honest zeal
For law, for morals, for the public weal
Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes,
The stream of verse, and many lang uag prose ;
Thou too, though oft thy ill-advis'd dis like
The guiltless head with random censure strike——
Though quaint allusions, vague and u d efin'd,
Play faintly round the ear, but mock th mind,
Through the mix'd mass, yet taste an learning shine,
And manly vigor stamps the nervous line ;
While patriot rage the generous ven inspires,
And wakes and points the desultory fire

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## THE OBSTINATE MAN

Does not hold opinions, but the hold him ; for when he is once possest with an error, 'tis like the devil, not to be cast out but with great difficulty. Whatsoever he lays hold on, like a drowning man, never loses, though it do but help to sink him the sooner. His ig

ce is abrupt and inaccessible, pregnable both by art and na-e, and will hold out to the last, ugh it has nothing but rubbish defend. It is as dark as pitch, sticks as fast to any thing it s hold on. His scull is so thick, t it is proof against any reason, never cracks but on the wrong e, just opposite to that against ich the impression is made, ich surgeons say does happen y frequently. The slighter and re inconsistent his opinions are, faster he holds them, other-e they would fall asunder of mselves: for opinions that are e ought to be held with more ctness and assurance than those t are true, otherwise they will apt to betray their owners before y are aware. If he takes to re-gion, he has faith enough to save undred wiser men than himself, were right; but it is too much be good; and though he deny pererogation, and utterly dis-im any overplus of merits, yet he ows superabundant belief; and he violence of faith will carry kingdom of Heaven, he stands r for it. He delights most of all differ in things indifferent, no atter how frivolous they are, they e weighty enough in proportion his weak judgment; and he will her suffer self-martyrdom than rt with the least scruple of his ehold; for it is impossible to dye dark ignorance into a lighter lour. He is resolved to under-and no man's reason but his own, cause he finds no man can un-rstand his but himself. His wits e like a sack, which the French overb says is tied faster before it full than when it is; and his o-nions are like plants that grow up-rocks, that stick fast though they ve no rooting. His understanding is hardened like Pharaoh's heart, and is proof against all sorts of judgments whatsoever.



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The following is an extract from an early Poem of Montgomery, and is a very favorable specimen of his Poetic talents.

Majestic rising, like the vivid morn,
On wings of winds magnificently borne,
A strong, imperial eagle mounts on high,
Cleaves the light clouds, and sails along the sky;
Broad to the sun his kindling breast he turns,
Till all his plumage in the radiance burns.
While from his eye, reanimated light
Breaks like the day-spring on the brow of night.
Now from the throne of noon his sight he bends,
Where far beneath the dusky world extends,
His boundless vision beams from pole to pole,
Where empires flourish and where oceans roll;
The radiant palace of the morn he sees,
And the green vales that nurse the evening breeze;
The realms of ice, where tempests dwell forlorn,
And southern seas where vernal showers are born.
Sublimely thus, with transport unconfin'd,
On wings of immortality, the mind
Through nature's infinite dominions soars;
Admires her works, her mysteries explores,
From Wisdom's sun imbibes inspiring light,
And glories in the grandeur of her flight;
While far remov'd, the grovelling world appears
A mount of follies and a vale of tears.

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Mr. Fox, having applied to a shopkeeper in Westminster for his vote and interest, the man produced a halter, with which he said he was ready to oblige him. The orator, without hesitation replied—'I return you thanks, my friend, for your very polite offer; but I should be sorry to deprive you of so valuable a family-piece.'

A TAYLOR.

Came in with the curse; and is younger brother unto thorns, and thistles, and death; for if Adam had not fallen, he had never sat cross-legged. Sin and her partners; for as sin first brought him into employment, so he by cheating and contributing to pride and vanity, works to sin, and the old trade is still kept up between both. Our Saviour wore his coat without seam, rather than he would have any thing to do with him; and Elias, when he went to Heaven, left his mantle behind, because it had been polluted by his fingers. The Jews in all great calamities were wont to rend their garments, only to testify that they defied him and all his works. All men love and admire cloths, but scorn and despise him that made them, as princes approve of treason, but hate traitors. He sits cross-legged to shew that he is originally a Turk, and calls himself Merchant-Taylor upon no other account, but only as he descended from Mahomet, who was a merchants's prentice himself in his youth. And his constant custom of making the calves of his legs a stool to sit upon, has rendered him so stiff in the hams, that he walks as if he was newly circumcised, to distinguish himself from a Christian. He lives much more by his faith than good works; for he gains more by trusting and believing in one that pays him at long running, than six that he works for, upon an even account for ready money. He never cuts his coat accordidg to his cloth; but always the more he is allowed the less he puts in a garment: and he believes he has reason for it; for he is fain to take double pains in contriving how to dispose both what he steals, and what he uses, to the best advantage, which costs him twice as much labour as that which he gets nothing by. He never cuts a man's cloaths but he cuts his purse into the bargain; and when he makes a pocket, takes handsel of it and picks it first himself. He calls stealing *damning* by a figure in the rhetoric called the effect for the efficient; and the place where he lodges all his thieveries *hell*, to put him in mind of his latter end: and what he steals by retail the brother takes off his hands by wholesale. He keeps his wife in taffety to save charges; for when her petticoats are worn out, they serve him to line vests with, as well as if they were new; and when he is unfurnished of these, old sattin and taffety men supply him for ends of gold and silver. He gets more by the trimming and garniture of cloths than all the rest; for he can swallow ribbands like a juggler, and put whole pieces more in his bill than ever he made use of, and stretch lace, as a shoe-maker does leather, with his teeth, when he sits it on. The mercers are in fee with him to revive old rotten stuffs by giving them new fantastic names; and he brings them into the mode by swearing they are new come up: in consideration of which he is allowed to buy cheap and sell dear; for he is loth to undervalue his conscience, and put it off at a mean rate, as long as he sees his neighbours can make more of theirs—He scorns that.

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FOR THE EMERALD.

JAMES FENNELL,

ON Friday sev'night, took leave of the Stage. After personating *Rolla* he bade *farewell* to *the plumed troop*, and the last word of a handsome address was the knell, that announced to the *auribus arrectis* of a crowded audience, *Othello's occupation gone.* This address conciliated favor,

and added to the universal esteem for a man, that *bears his faculties so meekly.*

His Thespian career has been marked by a dignified consistency of deportment, that has magnified the tragedian's office, and made dramatic "*ambition virtue.*" From a careful retrospection of his stage history, we are induced to give the following as a fair sketch of his general theatrical character. It is from the "Palladium," that was published on the day of the evening of Mr. Fennell's dramatic dissolution.

"On his retiring from the stage, it should be his proud satisfaction to reflect, that he has acquired *honest* fame. If he has gained any celebrity in this world or the old, it is not by any tricks of gesture, or the petty artifices of the buskin, but by a bold peculiarity of emphasis, by the evidences of thought, and the flashing of *the mind's eye*, displayed in his various characters His distinguishing characteristic has been *beauty of recitation.* He has thought it highly important to labor to pronounce what the genius of a SHAKESPEARE, a YOUNG, or an OTWAY, had labored to produce

The exertions of FENNELL, like those of SWIFT and of ADDISON, have been devoted to the adornment of his vernacular language. He has labored to refine our speech to correctness of orthoepy, and "to *clear it from colloquial barbarisms.*" Something he has added to the elegance of its elocution, and something to the purity of its accents. His object has been the *oral* English; as was JOHNSON'S, the *written.* One improved the dead letter; the other, the *living language.* He quits the stage entitled to the gratitude of his mother tongue."

*Saturday, March 5th*, 1808.

## *MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.*

### FOREIGN.

As some workmen were lately digging in the street now forming from the Groat-market to Westgate street, in Newcastle, they discovered a portion of the famous Roman wall, about a foot below the surface. It consisted of the foundation, with the first tier of stones, which were of equal size, and each about 11 inches in height and 5 in breadth. Although buried for near 17 centuries, the wall was not the least defaced.

### DOMESTIC.

Proposals are issued by J. Humphreys and B. and J. Kite, Philadelphia, for printing, *Medical Reports on the Effects of Water, cold and warm*, as a remedy in Fever and other Diseases, by James Currie, M. D. in one octavo volume—price 2 dollars in boards.

BOOKS PUBLISHED,

By Alsop Brannan and Alsop, New York, the second volume of *Johnson's Reports*—price 6 dollars.

George Thresher, New York, An Epitome of Book Keeping.

David West and John West, Boston, a new edition of Webster's Dictionary--price 1 dollar.

Bradford and Inskeep, Philadelphia, A Popular Essay, on the Disorder familiarly termed A COLD, by E. L. White, to which are added Annotations, Explanatory and Practical, adapted to the United States, by J. Stuart, M. D.——price 1 dollar.

By B. B. Hopkins and Co. Philadelphia The first number of a periodical work, styled—The Life and Observations of Stephen Stare Esq. of Philadelphia, written by himself.

By Belcher and Armstrong, Boston, The Wanderer of Switzerland and other Poems, by I. Montgomery; to which is prefixed A Biographical sketch of the Author.—price 50 Cents.

NOW PUBLISHING,

By John West, Boston, Reports of Cases, abridged, in the Court of King's Bench, by Henry Cooper, Esq. with Notes and Additions, by an eminent attorney of this country.

By Oliver Lyon, Troy, N. Y. The Horrors of Slavery.

By Etheridge and Bliss, Boston, Military and Political Hints, by Col. Ja. Amelot De Lacroix; digested and translated by Samuel Mackay.

By Andrews and Cummings Boston, A Disertation on the Prophecies, by the Rev. George Stanley Faber, D. D.—In one volume, price 2 dols. 25 cents in boards.

By Thomas and Andrews, Boston, Morse's Geography abridged and Pikes Arithmetic.

# POETRY.

## ABELARD TO ELOISA.

(CONCLUDED.)

Torn from the world, within dark cells immur'd,
By angels guarded, and by vows secur'd,
To all that once awoke thy fondness dead,
And hope, pale sorrow's last sad refuge, fled;
Why wilt thou weep, and sigh, and melt in vain,
Brood o'er false joys, and hug th' ideal chain?
Say, canst thou wish that madly wild to fly
From yon bright portal opening in the sky,
Thy Abelard should bid his God adieu,
Pant at thy feet, and taste thy charms anew?
Ye heav'ns! if, to this tender bosom woo'd,
Thy mere idea harrows up my blood;
If one faint glimpse of Eloisa can move
The fiercest, wildest agonies of love;
What shall I be, when, dazzling as the light,
Thy whole effulgence flows upon my sight?
Look on thyself, consider who thou art,
And learn to be an abbess in thy heart;
See, while devotion's ever melting strain
Pours the loud organ thro' the trembling fane,
Yon pious maids each earthly wish disown,
Kiss the dread cross, and croud upon the throne:
O let thy soul the sacred charge attend,
Their warmths inspirit, and their virtues mend:
Teach every breast from every hymn to steal
The cherub's meekness, and the seraph's zeal;
To rise to rapture, to dissolve away
In dreams of heav'n, and lead thy self the way;
Till all the glories of the blest abode,
Blaze on the scene, and every thought is God.
While thus thy exemplary cares prevail,
And make each vestal spotless as her veil,
Th' eternal spirit o'er thy cell shall move
In the soft image of the mystic dove;
The longest gleams of heavenly comfort bring,
Peace in his smile, and healing on his wing;
At once remove affliction from thy breast,
Melt o'er thy soul, and hush her pangs to rest.

O that my soul, from loves curst bon[d]age free,
Could catch the transports that I urge [to] thee!
O that some angel's more than magic [art]
Would kindly tear the hermit from [thy] heart!
Extinguish every guilty sense, and le[ave]
No pulse to riot, and no sigh to heave
Vain, fruitless wish! still, still, the v[ir]'rous flame
Bursts, like an earthquake, thro' my sh[at]ter'd frame;
Spite of the joys that truth and virtue p[ro]
I feel but thee, and breathe not but to l[ove]
Repent in vain, scarce wish to be forgi[ven]
Thy form my idol, and thy charms my heav'n.
Yet, yet, my fair! thy nobler efforts
Lift me from earth and give me to thee
Let my lost soul thy brighter virtues
Warm'd with thy hopes, and wing'd w[ith] all thy zeal.
And when, low-bending at the hallo[wed] shrine,
Thy contrite heart shall Abelard resi[gn]
When pitying heav'n, impatient to forg[ive]
Unbars the gates of light and bids thee
Seize on th' auspicious moment ere it
And ask the same immortal boon for
Then when these black terrific sce[nes] are o'er,
And rebel nature chills the soul no m[ore]
When on thy cheek th' expiring roses
And thy last lustres darken in the sha[de]
When arm'd with quick varieties of p[ain]
Or creeping dully slow from vein to v[ein]
Pale death shall set my kindred-spirit
And these dead orbs forget to doat on th[ee]
Some pious friend, whose wild affect[ion] glow
Like ours in sad similitude of woe,
Shall drop one tender, sympathizing
Prepare the garland, and adorn the b[ier]
Our lifeless reliques in one tomb ensh[rine]
And teach thy genial dust to mix with m[ine]
Meanwhile, divinely purg'd from ev[ery] stain,
Our active souls shall climb th' ethereal pl[ain]
To each bright cherub's purity aspire
Catch all his zeal, and pant with all his
There, where no face the glooms of [an]guish wears,
No uncle murders, and no passion t[ears]
Enjoy with heav'n eternity of rest,
For ever blessing, and for ever blest.

# *MONTHLY LIST*
# OF MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

## *FEBRUARY.*

### MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Zepeniah Stutson, to Miss Emma Wyman of Medford; Mr. Abner Dutton, to Miss Mary Dickerman; Mr. John H Sturtevant, to Miss Susan S. Saunders, daughter of the late Capt. James Saunders of Dresden; Mr. Spencer Nolen, to Miss Nancy Williard, Mr. Ahiza Hubbard, mer. of Lebanon, N H. to Miss Serena Tucker of this town: Mr William Heard, to Miss Mary Rust; Mr. Douglas Hichborn, to Miss Sally Shaw; Mr. Leonard Blundell, to Miss Elizabeth Miller; Mr. Ittai Perry of Salem, to Miss Abigail Lane,

In Halifax, (N. S.) Richard J. Uniacke, Esq to Miss Eliza Newton—In Salem, Capt. Jonathan Ingersol, to Mrs. Sally Blyth—In New York, Capt. A. W. Long, to Mrs. Charity Shaw—In Roxbury, Mr. Daniel Vaughan, mer of Boston, to Miss Betsey Robbins of Roxbury—In Concord, Mass. Capt Samuel Livingston Hunstable, of Newyork, to Miss Hannah Parkman— n Portland, Mr. Henry Homes of this town, to Miss Dorcass Freeman—In Salem, Mr. Henry Taylor, to Miss Eliza Killin; Mr John Davis, to Miss Ann Mulloy—In Watertown, Mr. Charles Whitney, to Miss Ruth Chenery In Salem, Capt. Thomas Russell, to Miss Nancy Mosely—In Andover, Mr. Isaac Abbot, to Miss Charlotte Houghton—In Beverly, Mr. Nathaniel Hogins, to Miss Elizabeth Webber In Salem, Capt. Joseph Irvin, to Miss Martha Needham; Mr. Stillman Lothrop, of Boston, to Miss Betsey Berry; Mr Seth Richardson, to Miss Lydia Williams.

In England, the Earl of Craven, to Miss Brunton, of Covent-Garden Theatre, and sister to Mrs Warren of the Philadelphia theatre. A London paper observes, that the two rival sisters, Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, may boast of each having given a countess to England.

In England, Mr. Wilmot Wells, manager of the Margate theatre, to *make assurance double sure*, after a lapse of several years, has re-married his *Juliet*. The newspaper report of this second marriage was as follows:—Lately was married, at Margate, Mr. W. Wells, manager of the theatre royal there. Mr. Wells was married to the same lady about ten years ago; but, in consequence of some informality, the marriage has been considered illegal, and would have deprived Mr W. of considerable property on the death of his wife's uncle. The wary manager has, however, taken care to disappoint some anxious expectants, who had foolishly declared their intention of taking advantage of the circumstance.

### DIED,

In this town, Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Andrew Brimmer, mer aged 64; Mrs. Louisa Townsend, 60; Mr George Clark, mer 21; Ebenezer Waters, esq 9; Mrs. Elizabeth Edmands, 66; Capt. Benjamin Buel, a native of Connecticut; Mrs. Harriot, wife of Mr Bryant Newcomb, 20; Mrs. Elizabeth Brown, 34; Mr. Andrew Newell, printer, 28.—A young man possessing a philosophical, active, and vigorous mind; and whose deportment was always just and amiable. He furnished the best and most accurate account of the last great Solar Eclipse—Mrs Lucy, wife of Capt. John Edes, 28; Mr John Torrey, 73; Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, 45; Miss Susanna Barrett, 57; Mr Thomas Simmons, 43; Mr. Daniel Marlow, 23, formerly of Halifax; Almira, daughter of Mr. Wm. Hart, 3 mo.; Mr. Thomas Sprague, 51; Mr. William Mills, 61; Mrs. Mary, wife of Mr. Joseph Nash, 23; Sarah, daughter of Ebenezer Odiorne, 2y. and 6mo.

In Providence, Capt. Nicholas Power, aged 65; Mrs. Hannah, wife of Mr Benj. Dring, 80—In Warwick, Mrs. Ruth, wife of Capt. Wm. Arnold, 89—In Turner, (Me.) Wm. Turner, esq. late of Scituate, 61; a worthy and active patriot, and an enterprising officer, during our revolutionary war—In Newbury, Mrs. Lydia, wife of Capt. Joseph Stanwood, 60—In Salem, Mr. Luther Morgan, son of Lucas M. Esq. of West-Springfield, while on a visit, 21—In Milton, Deacon John Crehore, 72—In Washington, the Hon Ezra Darby, 40, one of the Representatives in Congress of the people of New-Jersey—In Virginie, Thomas Roane, esq. a senator of that state—In Greenfield, from the 28th Dec. to Jan. 12th. the following bereavements occurred in the family of Solomon

Smead, esq. In the death of his wife, after 18 hours sickness; of three daughters, after from 16 to 48 hours sickness; and his eldest son aged 13, after six days illness. Of 13 children, Mr. S has only two daughters and one son remaining—In Providence, Mrs. Martha, wife of Samuel Eddy, Secretary of the State, 28—In Stockbridge, Mrs. Mary, consort of Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. Attorney-General of this State, 44—In Quinsey, Mrs Hannah, wife of Mr. Thomas Adams 21—In Canton N. Y. Miss Sayre, an amiable young lady, perished by fire, with three brothers and sisters, in the same house—In the town of Topsfield, the deaths in 1807 were fourteen, of whom only two were children; one was aged 75; one 77; two 80; one 81; one 85; and one 90—In Newburyport, Mr. Samuel Horton, 78—In Lynn, on the 11th inst. Mrs. Mary Jackson, consort of Mr. Wm. Jackson, 29—In Orleans, David Bradford, esq attorney at law; Peter Tassin, 107. He came to America 59 years since—In Lima, Jan. 9, 1807, Capt. Andrew Sterret, of the U. S. navy—In Morrisville, N. J. Mr. William Kirkpatrick, 83—In Salem, Joseph Sprague, Esq. 68—In Roxbury, Mrs. Elizabeth Wales, 43—In Prospect, Mass. Rev. Elias Dudley, 46—In Portsmouth, Mr. R. S. Yeaton, mer. of Alexandria—In Worthington, Jonathan Woodbridge esq. representative in the legislature from that town, and a brigadeer general—In Savannah Mr. James Belcher mer. formerly of this state—In Baltimore, Mr. Thomas Dobbin formerly editor and proprietor of the Baltimore Telegraph—In Newyork, Capt. Bethavel Pinkham, a member of the New England Society—In Plainfield, Conn Dr. Ebenezer Robinson, 82; Mr. Hezekiah Spalding, 84—In Petersham, Rev. Solomon Reed, formerly minister of that town—In Sturbridge, widow Elizabeth Child, 80—In Tingsborough, Mr. Oliver Farwell, 92 In Watertown, Mr. Thomas H. Bray, 42—In Jamaica, Capt. Samuel Darling, of Newburyport—In Wilmington, N. C. Mr. David Williams, inspector of naval stores and provisions—In Malden, Mr. Stophen Paine, 86—In Waltham, William Francis, infant son of Mr. Robert Baldwin, of that place—In Richmond, Mrs. Wood, relict of the late Mr. Ichabod Wood, 92—In Newburyport, Capt. Nathaniel Newman, 63; Mrs. Sally, wife of Mr. Benj. Bishop—In Roxbury, Mrs. Lydia, relict of the late Mr. Nathaniel Seaver, 80—In West-Cambridge, Mrs. Elizadeth, wife of Mr. Solomon Prentiss, 25.

At Sea, Feb. 5, on his passage from Savannah for Newyork, Mr. Joseph Luffin, a native of Waterford, Ireland. He had served on board several of his Britannic Majesty's vessels, and was captured in L'Africaine (on board of which ship he was surgeon) and carried into St Jago de Cuba, where he obtained a parole, and was on his way to Newyork, to obtain a passage to London, where, or in its vicinity, he had a wife and child. From his papers (which are left in the care of the editor of the Newyork Commercial Advertiser) it appears he was entitled to his share of 16 prize vessels.

On his passage from Batavia, Mr. Samuel Johnson, aged 23; an officer of the ship Calumut.

In Martinico, Major Ulrick Rivardi, aged 43, late of the United States regiment of artilerest aud engineers. He was born in France, was in the Russian service, and when an aid to the great Suwarrow, was wounded at the storm of Oezakoff.

In London, Mr. Thomas Carpmeal, aged 66, one of the officers belonging to the Public Office; and the most successful man in England in taking robbers, forgers, &c.

In Paris, Dec. 24, Madame La Fayette

In England, the Rev. Dr. William Gordon, formerly of Roxbury in this State and author of a sort of History of the American Revolution.

In England, the Rt. Hon. Charles Grey Earl Grey, and Viscount Howic, a general of the British army, governor of Guernsey, colonel of 9d regiment of Dragoons, K B. aged 79. He was father to Lord Howic, late Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, &c. and now Earl of Grey. The deceased fought in the battle of Minden, and was an aid-de-camp to General Wolf, who fell in the Plains of Abraham in 1761.

In St. Petersburg, Matthew Guthrie M. D. F. R. S. and F. S. A. of London and Edinburg, physician to the first and second imperial corps of noble cadets in St. Petersburg, and counsellor of state to his Imperial Majesty of all the Russias.

In Aclsburg, Germany, Major-General Wattersdoff—In Italy, suddenly, the lady of Lucien Bonaparte—In Fran

M. de la Tour-de-Pin, Archbishop of Troyes formerly an emigrant.

In England, Abraham Newland, Esq. for a long series of years chief cashier, and signer of the bills of the Bank of England. These bills were familiarly called by his name.

In Vienna, Prince De Colloredo Mansfield, aged 76 years. He was arch chancellor of the empire, when the emperor of Austria abdicated the imperial crown of Germany.

In Berwick, England, T. S. Smith, by cutting his throat. We mention the death of this wretched mortal on account of the singularity of his case. He was, originally, a poor carpenter; but, by the death of an uncle, became possessed of property to the amount of 1000*l.* a year, which, by saving and scraping, he increased to 1500*l.* a year. For several years, however, he was so strongly impressed with an idea that he should die a beggar, that life became a burden to him, and he resolved on self-destruction; about a month before his death he attempted it by means of laudanum; but, *unwilling to expend the money for the necessary quantity*, he escaped the intended effect.

In Ipswich, England, on the 3d Dec. at an advanced age, Miss Clara Reeve, well known as the authoress of a popular romance called, The Old English Baron, and of an elegant translation of Barclay's Argenis.

In Retford, England, in the 90th year of his age, Doctor Francis Willis, so justly celebrated for his success in curing insanity; and who some years ago had two royal patients under his care, the king of England and the queen of Portugal.

Lately, in Vienna, Mr. Von Mack, jeweller to the Austrian court and brother to General Mack. He left a fortune of three millions of florins.

In the month of November last, at the advanced age of 110 years, Dennis Hampson, the blind bard of Maggilligan, Ireland, of whom so interesting an account is given by Miss Owenson in her elegant work, The Wild Irish Girl. A few hours before his death he tuned his harp, in order to have it in readiness to entertain Mr. H. Bruce's family, who were expected to pass that way in a few days, and who were in the habit of stopping to hear his music; shortly after, however, he felt the approach of death, and calling his family round him, resigned his breath without a struggle, being in perfect possession of his faculties to the last moment.

The following tribute is paid to his memory in the English paper from which we have copied this notice of the death of the last of the Irish Minstrels:—

The fame of the brave shall no longer be sounded,
The last of our bards sleepeth cold in his grave;
Magilligan's rocks, where his lays have resounded,
Frown dark o'er the ocean, and spurn at the wave.

For, HAMPSON, no more shall thy soul touching finger
Steal sweet o'er the strings, and wild melody pour;
No more near thy hut shall the villagers linger,
Whilst strains from thy harp warble soft round the shore.

No more thy heart swells with enraptur'd emotion,
Thy wild gleams of fancy forever are fled;
No longer thy minstresly charms the rude ocean,
That rolls near the green turf which covers thy head.

Yet vigour and youth with bright visions had fir'd thee,
And rose buds of health have blown deep on thy cheek;
The songs of the sweet Bards of ERIN inspir'd thee,
And urg'd thee to wander like laurels to seek.

Yes, oft hast thou sung of our Kings crown'd with glory,
Or, sighing, repeated the Lover's fond lay,
And oft hast thou sung of the Bards fam'd in story,
Whose wild notes of rapture have long past away.

Thy grave shall be screen'd from the blast and the billow,
Around it a fence shall posterity raise;
ERIN's children shall wet with their tears thy cold pillow,
Her youth shall lament thee, and carol thy praise.

In Kingston, England, old John Maxwell, at the advanced age of 107. He

retained his senses to the last and only a few hours before his death gave directions as to his funeral. He was four times married; and directed that he should be buried by the side of his first wife.

In Hackney, Eng James Lack, aged 105 years. He served as a private soldier under George I. and II. was in the German wars in the reigns of those two monarchs, and attended General Wolfe in his last moments, at the siege of Quebec; and, it is worthy of remark, though he had been in 15 engagements, and 25 skirmishes, he had not received a wound, and boasted till death, that he never shewed his back to the enemy. He flattered himself, some weeks previous to his dissolution, that he should live to the age of old Parr.

In Maidstone, Eng. in her 58th year, Mrs. Macket. At the age of 23 she was the principal equestrian performer at Astley's circus, and was the first who rode three horses in hand at one time, and jumped over the garter while the horses were in full speed.

In East Sheen, Sir Brook Watson, bart. one of the aldermen of the city of London, deputy governor of the Bank of England, vice-president of the General and Finesbury Dispensaries, and of the Society for the support of the Sunday Schools.

In London, Mr. Kirk, watch engraver, 88. He never experienced any illness till within a few hours of his death, and through a religious principle, never tasted animal food or any liquid stronger than water. Some years ago, he was a celebrated field-preacher.

In Greenwich-Hospital, Lieut. Peter Van Court, the oldest lieutenant in his Majesty's navy. He was promoted to that rank on the 15th of December, 1747, and was in the 86th year of his age.

In England, the Right Hon. Henry Scot, Earl of Deloraine. Viscount Hermitage, and Baron Scot Scottish titles. His Lordship was born in January, 1736, and succeeded his father, who was a captain in the royal navy, in January, 1740. He married, the 14th of November, 1763, Frances, widow of Henry knight, son of the late Earl of Catherlough, and daughter of Thomas Heath, esq. trom whom he was separated, and the Countess died in 1782. His Lordship's grandfather, Henry Scott, third son of the unfortunate James Duke of Monmouth and Anne Countess of Buccleugh, was created by Queen Anne in 1706, Earl of Deloraine, and the deceased was the fourth Earl of this family. Dying without issue, the title is extinct.

In Tickhill, (Eng.) Mrs. Bowser, who for many years had been afflicted with the dropsy. She had been tapped 100 times, when, at each operation, upwards of five gallons of water were taken from her, making in the whole the astonishing quantity of more than 500 gallons.

In Wombridge, (Eng) Mary Heyward, aged 112 years. For some time previous to her death, she received weekly pay, from Mrs. Charlton, of Apley Castle, who paid every attention to her that her aged and helpless state required.

In England, on the borders of the New Forest, Hampshire, in the 44th year of his age, Thomas Moody, esq one of the oldest lieutenants in the navy, superanuated with the rank of commander. He served as lieutenant in the ship with the late Admiral Sir Charles Knowles, in all his actions in the West Indies, in the war which ended in 1748; and again in the succeeding war, until the admiral struck his flag, in 1757; after which time he did not again go to sea.

In Bath, (Eng) Thomas Oliver Vassal, third son of the late John V. esq. and brother to the late gallant Colonel V.

In Chumleigh, (Eng.) John Fewings, aged upwards of 90. This man was of the humble occupation of a tinker, but he presented a singular contrast to the corrupt manners and dissolute life of this description of itinerants. He was never known to take what is technically called a dram, nor was he ever seen in a state of intoxication; and, until within a year or two previous to his decease, he uniformly followed his employment without the assistance of glasses. At this advanced period, also, he would (to accommodate an old customer) walk five or six miles with his tools at his back, and return the same day.

In London, aged 75, Rear-Admiral John Robinson, of Beaufort-building. He was placed on the superannuated list in the year 1774.

MARRIED,

In Osgathorpe, (Eng.) a couple whose joint ages amounted to 91 years; the bride was 72, the bridegroom 19, the bride was godmother to the husband, and two years older than the husband's mother.